

“On earth as it is in heaven,”

How could we not know?
How could I not realize until now?
Staring, the mirror back, we are
in the face of it;
uttered every day of our young lives.

Listen to the words.

If discord and disharmony
reflect, holographically,
the mirror of a greater struggle
born out of a glitch,
a power struggle
from desire’s itch.
And the need to scratch so great
we are no more than puppets,
skin sloughed off,
claiming free will,
within the limits borne, all, within each.

The devil herself, as she is now known
tired of her work never ending.
She IS the beginning before the one
and not as proposed, her name damaged by time,
damned by verbal slime.
She is the great mother
tired of keeping
all her children, throughout time
in line.

Now feeling the burden's weight;
half an eternity for this universe, gone
another half to go and so abandons her children
to their fate and growing chaos.
Overboard they go flotsam through time.
Enough! They're on their own!

Positioned in place are watchers,
but those
chosen few, not by her,
corrupted through time and power
and desire
subvert the real truth from all but a few.

*

Not aware of the upside down
The battle profoundly going on and the balance
Of the universe upset
The last ten millennium
Inflation energy dark and powerful
A coup, and words.
turned round
and galaxy's warp and twist as from the heat,
dark matter's cloak revealed, seeking, frantic.
The fabric, time-space, every quark reviewed,
dimensions hidden from view.
And she escaped, withdrew.
The balance a skewed.

In reality, the power here is but its reflection,

our bifurcation, a hologram of the confusion
the bi, the division in all our lives.

Upside, down side up.

The great mother gone, no direction.

Dethroned defamed

insult upon injury,

falsely accused, falsely named, too

deflect from the perpetrators

wars, famine, maim.

From her detractors

and for all the ills, she is worldly blamed,

falsely named.

Maybe upside down,

We, the worshiping of a clown,

falsely self crowned.

GIA, the Mother is her true name

To return?

Maybe next time around.